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China and the Chinese:

A LECTURE

BY

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DEPARTURE.

When the steamer swings from her moorings in the crowded bay of Marseilles, the traveller realizes that the last link in the lengthened chain which bound him to kindred and friends, and family and home, has been severed.

After six days sail among the classic islands of the Mediterranean, with the blue sky of Italy above him, catching in the distance views of mountains covered with snow, he is guided by Pompey's Pillar, one of Egypt's proudest monuments, to her now fallen capital. So sudden has been the transition from his accustomed scenes to those which now greet him in the old city of Alexander—ambling donkeys, loaded camels, dirty, half-naked sore-eyed Arabs, swarming flies, and yelping dogs—that he almost fancies himself wandering in some dream-land.

The ringing of the bell, the whistle of the engine, and the cry in his native Saxon, "all on board," again recall him to this week-day, work-day world. After a few hours' travel, passing the old Nile, in softly-cushioned cars, he stops for rest at Cairo.

CAIRO.

He is again beset with swarms of flies and Arabs, each Arab almost forcing his donkey on him to visit the Pyramids, or see the sights of Cairo, all uniting in one chorus, "buck-sheesh." To the Eastern voyager the time allotted is too short to see more of the Pyramids than to catch a passing glimpse from the windows of the cars, or to behold them looming in the distance, from the hill celebrated as the spot where the Mamelukes, once the lords of Egypt, were so treacherously and cruelly slaughtered by Mahommed Ali. They had been

invited by him to a friendly visit, and, whilst they smoked with him the " pipe of peace," his preparations were made to murder them. They were pent up, fired upon, cut down, and killed, bravely, but hopelessly defending themselves to the last. One only of their number escaped. He forced his horse to leap down a precipice so steep, it was almost impossible to believe, as you looked into the fearful chasm, that either horse or rider could have escaped. The horse was killed but the rider escaped unhurt, and, after wandering through the Desert, found his way to Constantinople, and subsequently returned to Egypt. The Pasha, believing that as he had been so miraculously preserved he must be the friend of Mahomet, received him, enriched him, and promoted him to high position. Upon the same hill this Prince of traitors and murderers now sleeps in his coffin of solid silver, over which has been erected one of the most gorgeous mosques of the world. Every evening, as the sun goes down, long lines of turbaned Arabs may be seen in its front, kneeling, with their faces turned to Mecca, and praying to Mahomet.

After a night of such rest as may be obtained when surrounded by the " plagues of Egypt," you speed in luxurious carriages over the same Desert, and almost by the same path along which once fled the panting children of Israel, guided by their God in smoke and flame.

When the Desert has been passed and the Isthmus crossed, you are hurried without delay from the carriages to the boats, and are soon moving down the Red Sea.

THE RED SEA.

One of the first objects to which the voyager has his attention called is a group of mountains amid bleak and barren scenery, one of which is said to be Mount Sinai. It is impossible to designate which one of that group was once covered with the " white cloud," but although the scenes of many of the incidents recorded in the Bible are extremely

uncertain—the Garden of Eden being placed by historians and geographers in different parts of Asia, and there being no agreement upon the site of the Tower of Babel, the mountain of Ararat, and many of the most interesting places in the Holy Land—there is no doubt but that one of the group rising from that sea of desolation was the rock which witnessed the great interview between Man and his Maker, and that down its rugged sides descended Moses, bearing with him from that interview those rules of infinite wisdom and goodness, which, to this day best teach man his duty towards his God, his neighbor, and himself.

ADEN.

Entering the straits of Bab-el-man-del there is another rest at Aden, on the east side of the straits. According to the Arabians its name is derived from Aden, the son of Saba, the grandson of Abraham. It is built on a small flat, probably the bottom of a crater, surrounded by high rocks. Jab-el-shan is a rocky promontory, at its highest point about 1800 feet above the level of the sea. It is strongly fortified, commanding the approach to the Red Sea, and controlling the entire trade of the coast of Malabar. It looks as if, by some convulsion of nature, cinders which had been long buried in the ocean, had been thrown up in various forms. Not a shrub, nor a tree, nor any green thing can be seen; not a spring or a well of water can be found. A Yankee captain has graphically described it as "Hell burnt out." No departed spirit ever more eagerly longed for an escape from Purgatory, than the traveller for a departure from Aden. The Portuguese once held it, but were expelled by the Turks, in 1538. In 1837, a ship under British colors having been wrecked near this point, her cargo was plundered, and her passengers and crew made to suffer every species of cruelty by the people of the Sultan. Explanations having been demanded by the Governor of Bombay, indemnities were offered, and an agreement made that Aden should be

surrendered to the English as compensation. The officials sent to receive the surrender were met by the sons of the Sultan and treated with every speeies of insult and contumely. A joint naval and land force was then sent against the place, which, in 1839, captured it. The natives represent all shades of color, from the black African to the yellow Parsee worshippers of the sun, who are always neatly dressed in white. With the Arab and the African a single band around the waist is the only evidence of their attachiug any importance to the fig leaf, or that they have ever heard of any use for it other than to ornament the tree. Until within the last few years all the water consumed by the natives, the garrison, and vessels touching there, was brought from the mainland, which is inhabited by Arabs, so fierce that only a large armed force can venture into the country. Sometimes the supply was refused, when the general commanding the forts marched out with a large force, destroyed some of their towns, killed a few of them, and again the supplies were regular until the lesson had been forgotten. Again they were stopped, and once more the lesson had to be repeated. Within the last few years, upon the very top of Mount Sebor reservoirs or tanks have been discovered. Antiquarians find it impossible to say when they were there placed, or rather when they were not there. It has been generally conceded that they were constructed in the time of Moses. With little labor they have been put in perfect order, and now, when it rains, they catch and hold the water, with whieh the inhabitants are supplied, by sale, at so much per gallon, until another rainy season. These rains occur about once in three years. I chanced to be there at one of these periods. The rain came down in such torrents that in twenty-four hours the reservoirs were filled, and overflowed in such floods that, streaming down through the sides of the rocks and passing through the village of the natives, a channel was opened of about eight feet wide and ten deep, with a current so rapid that many of the poor creatures were swept into the sea and lost their lives.

Passing through the straits of Bab-el-man-del we enter the Indian Ocean, which, except in the season of monsoons, or when lashed into fury by the typhoon, is without a ripple; and nothing can surpass the grandeur of the sun-sets, or the brilliancy of the heavens after the "light of day" has ceased to shine. There, perhaps more keenly than anywhere else, one truly realizes how "the heavens declare the glory of God."

In about twelve days the ocean is crossed, and the traveller finds himself upon the island where "the gifts of God are strewn."

POINT DE GALLE.

Point de Galle, a part of the island of Ceylon where the steamers for and from India and China meet and part, is in bright contast to Aden, the last land seen by the traveller. He has passed through the gate and is now in the garden of India. The drives are exquisitely lovely, through cocoa-nut groves along the clear blue ocean, seen through the green leaves, with the bright sky of the tropics above. Here are found the bread tree—the fruit of which is used for food, and has the taste of newly baked bread—the almond tree, the coffee plant, &c.; but the most wonderful of all is the water tree. It has very large leaves, spreading wide to catch the rain or the dew as it falls, which, passing into the body of the tree, is there preserved cool from the burning sun of this region. This tree is native to the sandy desert where no springs are found, and when the thirsty and weary traveller finds one, he inserts his knife and the water flows as from the rock when stricken in other days. "The fool has said in his heart 'there is no God.'"

After about two weeks more voyaging the traveler, having passed through the straits of Sumatra, having first touched at the beautiful island of Penang, and then at Singapore, passing up the China Sea, and, leaving the Spanish island of Manilla on his right, and Sagon, the newly acquired possession of the French, on his left, arrives at Hong Kong.

HONG KONG.

This island is about nine miles in length and eight in breadth—a great rock gradually ascending from the shore to the summit, which is called Victoria Peak. This is at an elevation of nearly 2000 feet above the level of the sea, from which there is a gradual descent to the China Sea, which washes the other side. The houses are built in rows, one above the other, and the city of is thus extended by building up the mountain side. Some of the finest residences are now almost half way up the peak. The British took possession of it in 1839, as a strategic point, and acquired title by the treaty of Nankin, in 1842. It was then a barren rock; it is now adorned with the palaces of the merchant princes of China. There reside the heads of all the great houses. There the European mails are distributed, and from thence are issued instructions for all parts of China and Japan. There are now churches, a race course, and a burial ground, familiarly called the "Happy Valley." The adage for all new comers is, "Champagne and beer the first summer, calomel and blue pill the second, and the P. and O. steamers or the Happy Valley the third." This idea, however, was occasioned by the fearful mortality which existed there in 1841 and 1842, soon after its early settlement. For the last few years it has been regarded as the healthiest point in Southern China. The English government of this island is liberal in the extreme. Americans, and all foreigners, enjoy equal privileges with the subjects of Great Britain. It is a free port, no duties being levied upon the goods of any nation. Taxes are collected alike from all for the support of the government.

MACAO.

Forty miles from Hong Kong is Macao, the first foreign settlement ever made in China. It is a narrow peninsula, less than a mile wide, and not more than two miles long, connected

by a low neck of land to the mainland. The Portuguese obtained possession in 1586, but the Chinese have never abandoned their claim to its sovereignty; and, up to the present time, allege that the Portuguese are there by their permission, and are their tenants at will. Until Hong Kong passed into the possession of the English, Macao was a very important place as the sanitary point of China, and the old Chinaman dilates now with pleasure upon the Canton days, when, in the heat of summer, Macao was a delightful resort, and a resting place from toil and labor. It is now almost abandoned. A foreigner is scarcely seen within its limits, yet there are many places of interest over which the Eastern traveller fondly lingers. Below the loftiest eminence of the town, in the midst of a lovely garden commanding the view of country and ocean, is the grove where Camoens wrote his Luciad, the subject of which is the discovery of the East Indies by Vasco de Gama. The lapse of more than three centuries has not obliterated his name from this spot. His memory is still fondly cherished, and the sad story of his life remembered and often recounted. Driven into exile by unjust suspicion, the prime of life was passed in wandering in foreign lands, and he returned to his home in 1579, only to die. "I am ending," he said, "the course of my life. The world will witness how I have loved my country; I have returned not only to die in her bosom, but to die with her." The only English translation I have ever seen of any of his fugitive pieces was of the lines addressed to one whom he loved with all the ardor of a poet, but whom, by the sentence of banishment, he was forced for ever to resign :

Oh! weep not thus, we both shall know
  Ere long a happier doom;
There is a place of rest below,
Where you and I will surely go,
And sweetly sleep, released from woe,
  Within the tomb!

My cradle was the couch of care,
  And sorrow rocked me in it,
And the first hour that saw me there,
Darkly shadowed with despair
  Each coming minute.

E'en then the griefs I now possess,
  As natal boons were given,
And the fair form of happiness
That hovered round, intent to bless,
Scared by the phantom of distress,
  Flew back to Heaven!

For I was born in joy's despite,
  And meant for misery's slave,
And all my hours of brief delight
Have flown like the sullen winds of night,
Which soon shall wheel their rapid flight
  Across my grave!

CANTON.

Canton is eighty miles from Macao, and about one hundred from Hong Kong. It is situated on a river broader than the Thames at the London bridge, and navigable three hundred miles further. It is a walled city, the gates being all closed and guarded at night. In 1685 the Emperor permitted trade to be opened with Europeans, by his imperial edict; and Canton was, doubtless, selected because it was the port farthest removed from Pekin. There had been previous intercourse between China and Europe, through the Portuguese, as far back as 1517; tea having been first imported in 1667. Canton is adorned with the most magnificent temples, and is one of the most aristocratic places in China, and only within the last ten years have foreigners been permitted to enter within its sacred walls.

Now we are in China, and really among the Celestials. One of the first accomplishments to be learned is the "pigeon

English," by which alone you can hope to understand your Chinese servants, or to make yourself understood by them. The "pigeon English" is the language acquired by the Chinese to enable them to carry on their business with foreigners. It is simply a literal translation from the Chinese into the English language, and, until you become accustomed to it, most difficult to be understood. If you should direct your servant to "go up stairs and bring your hat," he would not understand a word that you said to him; but if you should say, "go top side, catch me piece of hat," your order would at once be executed. Whilst residing at Macao I was well nigh being involved in serious difficulty with the Dutch consul, who, finding me out when he called, left word that he would call the next day at a stated hour. I was of course at home, and prepared to receive him. Fortunately one of my countrymen was with me. When the card was handed to me I said, "Ask him to walk in." I should have said, "Can see." As my messenger delivered the message it was very insulting. My American friend found the Dutchman buttoning up his coat in great wrath, and saying, "Your minister has insulted me.' On being asked what was the matter, he said, "he had called the day before, and, not finding me in, had left a request to see me at that hour, and now, when he had called, without any reason, I had turned him away." The message delivered by my servant was, "he say you can make walkee."

One of the points, in Canton, of greatest interest to a foreigner, is the execution ground. It is a narrow space, not more than twenty feet wide, and one hundred feet long. It was not at all uncommon, during the days of Zep, in this narrow space to have from three to five hundred unhappy beings executed before 8 o'clock in the morning. Their mode of execution is to make all the victims kneel in a row, with their hands tightly bound behind their backs, and their heads so arranged as to give the executioner as little trouble as possible. The executioner passes down the line with a

heavy sword, which he holds in both hands—an assistant walking at his side with a fresh weapon, to be exchanged for the one in use as soon as that has been blunted—and thus head after head is severed from the body with a single blow. Zep boasted that by his orders more than 74,000 heads had fallen on this spot.

Canton is the principal port from which green teas are exported. Our black teas now come from the ports of Fouchow and Shanghai. There is, however, no difference between the green and black tea, except such as is created by soil and climate. I mean that they are both the same plant; and a different tea is produced just as different wines are made from grapes growing on different soils and in different climates. The grape which grows on the banks of the Rhine, producing the light wines of Germany, if transplanted and cultivated in Madeira, would probably produce the Madeira wine. The greatest difference exists in the preparation of the two teas. The black tea is simply the pure leaf of the tea plant, dried in the sun or by a slow fire, differing of course in quality according to the soil and the season. The green tea is the leaf of the same plant; but, whilst that is being roasted over a *hot* fire, a portion of prussian blue is thrown into a porcelain bowl, like a chemist's mortar, and crushed into very fine powder. A quantity of gypsum is burned in the same fire, made of charcoal, over which the tea is being roasted. The gypsum is taken out of the fire and soon crumbles to powder in the mortar. These two substances are then mixed together, four parts of gypsum to three of prussian blue, forming a light blue powder, which is then ready for use. This is applied to the tea during the last process of roasting, about five minutes before it is taken from the pan, the time being regulated by the burning of a "jos stick." With a porcelain spoon the coloring matter is scattered over the leaves in the pan, the workman rapidly turning the leaves with both hands, so as to diffuse the color equally. In every hundred pounds of green tea a pound of prussian blue and gypsum is consumed.

A large amount of the rice consumed in China is produced in and about Canton. Two crops are made every year, although I do not think there is much difference in the length of the seasons between Canton and Savannah. The rice is always transplanted by the Chinese. After it grows to a heighth of about six or eight inches every plant is removed and replanted. They are a patient, laborious people; and, sooner or later, the rice lands of the Southern States will be cultivated by emigrants from China. I am neither an advocate of, nor an apologist for the Coolie trade. As conducted in 1859 and 1860, in American vessels, between the ports of China, Cuba, and other colonies, it was infinitely more horrible than the African slave trade, and was a disgrace to civilization. The act of the Congress of the United States forbidding this trade, not only commanded my unqualified approval, but was the result of reports made by me of the horrors of this traffic. But the stealing away of men from their homes, cribbing and confining them in filthy pens until some ship was ready to transport them to miseries from which there could be no refuge, is a very different thing from bringing the surplus portion of the working population of China from starvation in their own over-crowded country to our now deserted fields. Years may pass before the sickly humanity of the present day will permit this, but it will as surely come as supply will follow demand. Infanticide is in China now their only refuge.

The cost of exporting a Chinese laborer from the Canton to the Savannah river would be about $75. Six dollars a month, or $75 a year, would be his wages, with which he would feed and clothe himself. He would do fully as much work, and as well, as the able bodied Negro costing originally $1000, and requiring a much larger monthly expenditure.

The next northern port of China is Swartow, opened to foreign trade by the American treaty of 1859. Rice and sugar cane are the principal products of this place. It is an

unimportant place, and has been famous since it was opened, or rather infamous, as the head quarters of the Coolie traffickers. It was at this point that ships went to receive their cargoes of these unfortunate creatures. The population would often become so incensed by the loss of the head of some family, or the stealing away of some son, that, in their wrath, they would sometimes commit most frightful outrages. On one occasion they seized a Chinese girl, who had been charged with having decoyed these victims, nailed her to a cross, and from day to day cut small pieces of flesh from her body until life was extinct. In the last two months of 1859 more than a thousand lives were sacrificed to this trade. In the "Flora Temple," which sailed in October of that year (under a captain who seems to have been, in all the elements that make up a man, vastly superior to his compeers in that traffic) 850 were shipped. A few days after they were at sea, the Coolies rose and attempted to take the ship, and were only subdued after many of them had been shot. A few days later, before the ship had passed out of the China Sea, she struck upon a rock. The hatches were all fastened down. The captain and crew, taking the boats, safely escaped, but the poor Chinamen went down without having been permitted to make even an effort for their lives. The "Norway," which was the next ship that followed, left with over 1000. A mutiny, of course, took place, which was only suppressed after eighty of the mutineers had been shot. Hundreds were drowned in attempting to make their escape from vessels in which they were being loaded in the harbor.

Amoy, the next place north, is a port of but little traffic. The next northern port is Fouchow, the principal port for obtaining the best black teas. Passing through the beautiful group of the Chousan Archipelago we arrive at Ningpo, a walled town, and the home of most of the missionaries.

The three principal religions of China are the Confucians, Laonzes, and Bhuddists. Five hundred and forty-nine years before Christ, in the province of Shantung, the great

philosopher Confucius was born. He taught the most rigid morality. "Imperial Heaven" he said, "has no kindred to serve, and will only assist virtue." Upon being asked to give some instruction as to a future state, he replied, "You cannot understand the living: what can you possibly know about the dead?"

Laontze was a cotemporary of Confucius, but was claimed by his followers to have been the Creator of the world. They alleged that he was made incarnate by the descent of a subtle fluid from regions of purity, which was transformed into a yellow substance about the size of a pill, which rolled into the mouth of a virgin while she slept, and caused her to conceive. The child was not born until eighty years after, when he was born grey, and was hence called Laontze.

Bhuddism was first introduced into China about the year A. D. 66. The story is, that the then reigning Emperor, hearing of the new religion of the Saviour, sent his Ambassadors to enquire concerning it. These, meeting the Bhuddists of India, supposed them to possess the religion they were seeking, and having acquired their tenets, introduced upon their return, this new religion to the Celestial Empire. The gods they worship are the Past, the Present and the Future. In every temple three images are seated side by side. The people prostrate themselves before them, and lights are kept constantly burning at their altars. It is scarcely correct however, to say that Chinamen worship anything. They believe that their Emperor is really the Son of Heaven, and that to him they are indebted for every good thing which they receive. Of a future state, they not only have no distinct idea, but entertain no desire to form one. "Jos"—they say—"have takee wery good care of me in this world; why he no can take care of me in the next? My pigeon"—that is, my business—"is to take care of myself here; Jos pigeon, to take care of me there."

SHANGHAI.

Shanghai—the most northern of the five ports opened by the Treaty of Nankin—is now by far the most important of

all the Chinese ports, not excepting Canton. Its approach is by a river as nearly resembling the Savannah river as possible. Rice fields are seen on both sides of the river as you approach the city. It is in the same latitude as Savannah, and, except that the latter is situated on a high bluff and the former on a dead level, one might fancy himself, even in that far off place, as he walked on the banks of the river, to be in the city of Savannah.

At Shanghai my diplomatic duties really began. I met there Quillian and Washana, the two Imperial Commissioners deputed by the Emperor nominally to meet the foreign Ambassadors at Shanghai, and make arrangements for their visit to Pekin. The real object of their mission was, if possible, to dissuade them from going there, and, failing in their efforts to do this, to interpose every obstacle. By the American Treaty no place was designated where it should be exchanged. The English and French Treaties each contained a clause providing for an exchange at Pekin. In my first official interview I discovered that there would be great opposition, not openly but covertly, to our going to that place. I therefore proposed, as the time for the exchange of treaties had arrived, that the exchange of the American Treaty should be made then and there. To this they replied, that the Chinese ratification of the Treaty being at Pekin, no exchange could take place until either it could be received from Pekin, or we should reach that place. Satisfied that this was a mere evasion, I then required from them a stipulation that I should have the right, without the exchange of treaties, to proceed to Pekin with the Ambassadors of the first nation that visited that place. To this they assented. My correspondence with them then ceased. On the arrival of the British and French Ministers, both Sir Frederick Bruce and Monsieur De Bourbillon refused to hold any intercourse with the Chinese Commissioners at Shanghai, alleging that by the stipulations of their treaties they were to make the exchange at Pekin, and that that must be their first business. This, in

my judgment, was a grave error, and tended in no small degree to produce the disastrous results of Peiho. A meeting and conference with these high commissioners could have produced no possible evil result. Their refusal to do so irritated and mortified them, as their rank was next to the Emperor's. I was accordingly officially notified by Quillian and Washana that they would leave for Pekin, where arrangements would be made to receive us. On the morning of the 11th of June, 1859, we left Shanghai for the mouth of the Peiho River, our frigate, the *Powhatan*, having in tow a small steamer with which we were to ascend the river to Tien-tsin, the head of navigation.

We arrived at the anchorage off the mouth of the Peiho River, and found there the French and English fleets—the first under the command of Commodore Tricault, the last under Admiral Sir James Hope, the "Chesapeake" being his flag-ship. The English and French ambassadors had both arrived before me. We were anchored about ten miles from the mouth of the Peiho, the coast being so shallow that no nearer approach could be made in large vessels. About three miles from the mouth of the river, and at nearly equal distance from the forts, there is a bank about a mile wide, across which no vessel of greater draught than ten feet can go, even at high tide. When that bank has been passed you are in the channel of the river, and distant about three miles, in a direct line, from its mouth. On our arrival at the anchorage we found the English gun-boats had already crossed that bar, and were anchored within two miles of the forts. As soon as it was possible, after my arrival, Admiral Hope called and informed me that he had been up to the mouth of the river, and had found it so obstructed by chains as to render further progress impossible without their removal; and that he had sent his boats on shore to say that the English and French ministers had arrived on their way to Pekin, and to demand the removal of the obstructions so as to enable them to proceed. The reply was, that these ob-

structions had been placed, not to prevent the ministers from going to Pekin, but to keep out the rebels—a falsehood, because the rebels have no boats, and never approach by water. They also said that this was not the Peiho River, that the entrance to the Peiho was ten or fifteen miles further north, and that the ministers must go there to get to Pekin. They promised, however, to remove the obstructions, and in pretending to do this worked at them day and night, making them still more formidable. The Admiral discovered this, and gave them notice that "as the doors had been closed upon the English and French ministers, he had been instructed to open them, and should proceed to do so on Saturday morning the 25th instant." An important difference between the position of the American minister and that of the English and French ministers should here be observed. The English and French treaties had been made in time of war between China and those countries. By these treaties the war was terminated. Upon a violation of their stipulations their Representatives might regard themselves as thrown back into the war which had been, by such treaties, suspended. The American treaty, on the contrary, was made with a nation with whom we had never been at war. If its provisions should be violated, the proper remedy for such violation must be judged of by the Government of the United States. I had been instructed, however, by the President of the United States to go to Pekin. I had received the assent, if not the invitation, of the Chinese Commissioners at Shanghai to go there to exchange the treaty. I determined, therefore, to proceed on my way until stopped by force which could not be overcome by that under my command. In the execution of that design, and with the naval commander of our small force, I crossed the bar the next day, Friday morning the 26th, and proceeded towards the forts. I found, at anchor, about a mile and a half from the mouth of the river, all the English and French vessels which could cross the bar. The entire fleet consisted of ten gunboats, and

three small vessels, carrying about forty guns and six hundred men. Anchored with these vessels were three large Chinese junks, as they are called, which had been taken possession of by the Allies, and on which they had placed about seven hundred men, to be used as recruits for the vessels, and as a landing force, should a land attack upon the forts be deemed expedient. These vessels were passed in the execution of my determination not to be stopped except by actual force, and we were within a half mile of the forts when our steamer grounded; which was not surprising as we had no pilot, and no officer on board had ever before entered the river. At the time we grounded the tide was falling rapidly. The English Admiral immediately sent his flag-lieutenant in the gunboat *Plover* to say to Commodore Tatnall, that he expected to see us fired on any moment, and that as the tide fell, our boat would certainly keel over and go to pieces; further to tender to us the use of the *Plover*, and request us to hoist the American ensign at the peak, and his own flag at the mizen-mast. This generous offer was declined, but an effort was made by the gunboat to relieve us from our position, which, proving unsuccessful, the *Plover* left us and returned to the line which the Admiral was then beginning to form. The flag-lieutenant, with interpreters, was then sent on shore by me to inform the Chinese that I was on board the steamer on my way to Pekin. They returned with the reply "that there was no officer of sufficient rank there to receive any communication from me, and that we could not proceed by that river; that the Emperor had ordered the Governor-General of that province to meet the Minister at, what they called, the north entrance of the river, which they said was distant about ten miles, and that he would be there on that day or the next. About eight o'clock in the evening our steamer floated with the rising tide. By that time the Admiral had formed a line extending from the junks to our position, and our Commodore, fearing that the moving of a light about our vessel might be mistaken by some of the Admiral's squadron for a

signal, ordered the steamer to drop below the line and anchor near the junks. About 12 o'clock an explosion was heard, which was the blowing up of the first barrier across the river. This was followed by two guns from the forts, after which all was quiet the rest of the night.

With the morning light it was evident, from the position of the vessels, that the battle would be commenced some time during the day. The vessels had approached as near the entrance to the river as the obstructions would permit. Three barriers had been thrown across the stream at a distance of twenty yards from each other. On the left bank of the river four large forts, admirably built of mud, were connected with each other by shore batteries. At the mouth of the river was a very large fort, from which were subsequently fired the heaviest guns. On the right hand side of the river were three other forts connected by shore batteries. These forts and batteries were manned, as was subsequently ascertained, by about 25,000 men.

About 3 P. M. one of the gunboats, with the Admiral's flag flying, commenced ascending the river, whilst the other vessels remained at anchor. As soon as the "Starling" had passed the first barrier, which had been blown up during the night, firing was commenced by the forts, which was at once returned by all the vessels, and the balls soon flew like hailstones. In half an hour we could see, from the deck of our vessel, that the shots from the forts were cutting up the boats, whilst the forts were scarcly injured by the small battery directed against them. At 5 o'clock a young man came from the Admiral's ship, wearied and exhausted, with the blood streaming down his face, to tell the Commodore that the Admiral was lying on his deck severely, if not mortally wounded. His Captain had been killed, and but three men were left capable of doing duty. This officer had been sent to order up the reinforcements, but the tide had fallen so that the English gunboats were unable to execute this order. The small boats of the vessels were the only means

by which the reinforcements could be sent up the river. Night was coming on. The tide runs fearfully strong in this river, and the wind was so high that it was evidently impossible, by this means of conveyance, that assistance could reach the Admiral in time to be of any use. The necessary aid, however, was given by the "Toywun," which, after having towed up the boats, came to anchor at 7 P. M. between the French gunboat and the "Coramandel." From this position we had a full view of the boats as they landed the men upon the shore. The forts and the water batteries opened upon them a deadly fire. We could see the men fall in their boats, even before they touched the landing; yet they moved steadily on. As they reached the shore they fell in crowds. Of the six hundred men composing the storming party, at least one hundred had fallen before they gained the shore. There a most terrible fate awaited the survivors. Landing at the approach of night, upon a shore of which they were entirely ignorant, at low water, with a fast rising tide, they found that they were separated from the forts, first by mud and water waist deep, second, by a wide canal filled with water which no one could cross without swimming, and lastly, by another ditch filled with sharp iron spikes. It was soon apparent that there was no safety but in retreat. One of the officers told me that when they had crossed the canal they had not a weapon that would fire, so wet had become their ammunition. Their retreat was as fatal as their landing. The Chinese sent up fire rockets, and, by their light shot down men who could not return the fire. When the day dawned the squadron was a wreck. Less than one-half of the land force had escaped unhurt. Three hundred of the landing party had been killed, and eight officers and twenty-three men on board the little squadron. The wounded were towed by the "Toywun" over the bar, in three large barges attached to her stern, to the ships in the gulf, and thus were the first tidings of the fight received by the French and English Ministers.

It was now evident that, with the French and English, I could not reach Pekin. I had faithfully endeavored to do so, because, by their treaties I could visit Pekin in a very much more satisfactory manner than by going under the provisions of my own treaty. But I was the bearer of a treaty which had been approved by my Government, and my duty was plain—to carry out my instructions, and have it exchanged if possible. I therefore opened communication with the Governor General, informing him that I was there by invitation of the Commissioners of Shanghai; that I was charged with an autograph letter from the President of the United States, and asking him to provide me with the means of conveyance to Pekin in accordance with the provisions of the American treaty. These negociations resulted in immediate preparations for my departure for Pekin.

Much criticism, unkind and false, has been indulged in by the English and by the French press, both in reference to my going to Pekin after the defeat of the Allied Forces, and in regard to the mode and manner of my going there. I have never before answered or explained these charges, except to my own Government at home, and to my fellow citizens in China. By both, my conduct was approved. I may here, for the first time, refute those charges. I was forced, by a sense of duty, to separate myself from my colleagues. No one can reflect upon the different positions which we occupied, without seeing that to have longer co-operated with them would have been blind subserviency to their judgment and not my own. Sir Frederick Bruce, in his official report to his Government, saw the different positions which we occupied, and, in his communication to the Earl of Malmsbury, of July 15th, 1859, uses the following language in reference to my departure for Pekin: "Mr. Ward's position is one of considerable difficulty; nor do I see, after our unsuccessful attempt at the Peiho, that any course was open, save the one he has pursued. He has acted cordially and frankly, in the spirit of his declarations to me at Hong Kong; and it is a matter

of satisfaction to me, that his concert in our previous proceedings is a strong argument in favor of the line of conduct pursued by De Bourbillon and myself."

The Peiho being so obstructed as to render its ascent impossible, it became necessary to land at a small town called Pit-sang, about eight miles north of the Tacao forts, and from thence to cross the country so as to strike the Peiho about forty miles from the place of landing, at a town called Tinsing, situate upon its banks above the obstructions. On the morning of the 19th of July I left the steam frigate "Powhatan," in a small steamer, and anchored off Pit-sang, where I spent the night. Landing at daylight we commenced our journey across the country. We were furnished with saddle horses, and carts without springs. This journey was accomplished in two days, through a most barren and uninteresting country. The whole of the vast plain from the gulf to Pekin, a distance of seventy miles, is only a few feet above the level of the sea. Hence the barrenness in most of the country between the coast and the river. Immediately on the banks of the river the fertility of the soil is indicated by the most luxuriant vegetation. On the evening of the second day we reached the banks of the Peiho, where we found that the most luxurious accommodations that the Empire could afford had been prepared for our party. The finest boats had been fitted up for us—my boat being the largest, had one sitting room and three sleeping apartments. Others were accommodated in boats of similar description. The captain told me that he was sixty-four years of age, and was born on board the boat. It had been in his family more than a hundred years. It was the residence of his entire family. He had two mothers (his father having left two widows), and two wives and four children, all presenting a picture of happiness. Over the doors of the rooms were various inscriptions; over my sleeping apartment the following, "A silver candlestick announces joy, and a flame radiates flowers." The boats were drawn by trackers; and the current running strongly

against us, our progress was very slow. The emperor had issued an edict forbidding the use of animals, because of the injury done by them to the banks of the river. The natural question was asked, if the mules we saw grazing in the fields had not better be employed in pulling the boats, and the twenty-two men, used as trackers for each boat, be engaged in repairing the injury the mules might do the banks? The Chinese reply was given, that it was cheaper to hire the men than to feed the mules.

The entire country, on both sides of the river, had the appearance of one great millet field; the banks being filled with a species of millet which hangs gracefully over the water. Far away in the west a striking feature was added to the landscape by a blue mountain which loomed in the distance. It bears the prosaic name of the "Ploughboy," but is connected with the following poetical fragment of Oriental mythology.

In ancient times two lovers resided by the banks of the "Yellow River"—one was a ploughboy and the other a spinning maid. The river rolled its turbid waters between them; the stern severity of their parents interposed a still more formidable barrier; but their passion was inextinguishable. The youth met his lady love each year, by swimming the stream (like another Leander); and, though denied a union, faithful in their loves to the last, they went to death. In memory of the fidelity of the one, and the devotion of the other, they were placed among the constellations. The river too, which was the place of their love, had its place amid the scenery of the heavens—for the "milky way" is supposed to be the reflection of the "Ho-han-ho," or "Yellow River," the source of which no man has ever yet been able to explore, and which, according to received tradition, flows directly from the skies. Unfortunately, however, the loving pair, instead of being allowed the enjoyment of each other's society, which they were denied on earth, still have a galaxy between them, and, by the decrees of the gods, are

permitted to pass it but once a year—on the night of the 7th of the Seventh month (our August). On its annual occurrence the maidens of China are accustomed to look up to the one which bears the name of the "Spinning Maid," and threading a needle by the light of her lamps, invoke the gift of skill in the arts of which she is the patroness, and call to memory the history of her love. The star of Nintang—the Ploughboy—is in the constellation of Aquarius, and that of Chenyn—the Spinning Maid—in the constellation of Libra. (The Hoang Ho, or Yellow River, in allusion to its celestial source, is said to rise in the Sing-Si-hai—the Starry Sea.)

After four days tracking against the stream, in making a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles, we arrived at Tung Chou, the head of navigation, and distant about twelve miles from Pekin. Here we were again obliged to resume the mode of travelling in carts or on horseback.

The road from Tung Chou to Pekin must have been magnificent in its early day. More than two hundred years have elapsed since it was built, and it has subsequently received no improvement or repairs. The earth had been thrown up to such a perfect level that it was impossible to detect the least elevation or depression, in its general line, from Tung Chou to Pekin. A floor does not exhibit a more perfect level. The width of the road is about twenty-five feet; the stones, of which it is constructed, from twelve to sixteen feet long, and hewn with such precision as to make a work of solid masonry. They were brought from the mountains, and, being of unequal solidity, some were more easily decomposed than others by atmospheric agency, and worn away by the rolling of the wheels which passed over them. Thus, in some cases, they were separated from top to bottom by frost, which is here intense in the winter; or the wheels had worn out just their own width between two stones where a little space had been created by the accidental starting of one or both of the stones in a horizontal direction. When a wheel

struck and sank into such holes the concussion was as fearful to the rider as to the carriage, but when both wheels dropped, as was often the case, it seemed as if the whole body was broken asunder by the shock.

After about eight hours of this torture we arrived at the eastern gate of the old city of Pekin, which is called the "Morning Sun Gate." The wall of the city near this gate is in good order, and is about sixty feet high. A five story guard house rises above it nearly fifty feet more, presenting altogether an imposing appearance. Passing through the gate, we entered on an avenue over one hundred feet wide, and unpaved. Crowds of men, women, and children lined the sides of the carriage way in an unbroken line, so dense as to be apparently numberless.

This journey was, at the time, made the subject of much unjust criticism, and, whilst I was indifferent to the calumnies of an unfriendly press, I could not regard with unconcern, the repetition by the then Prime Minister of England (Lord Palmerston), from an eminence which spread his voice to the world, of the falsehoods and scandals of the Paris press, so gross that they never could have been believed, and were only repeated to carry out his policy.

It is now a matter of history, that I was treated, throughout the journey, with the highest respect and consideration—with unceasing attention and courtesy. The carriages furnished for me were the best in the Empire, and the same as are used by the Prime Minister and the high dignitaries of China in their journeys over the plains. Saddle horses were always at my disposal and choice, and I used one as often as the other. On my return to Pekin, six years later, when the Representatives of the foreign powers had acquired permanent residences in the Capital, it was a source of great satisfaction to me to find that the mode of ingress to and egress from Pekin, used by them all, was the same as had been furnished to me.

Lord Elgin, at the close of the war, for the purposes of display, passed through the gates of Pekin in a green Sedan chair carried by sixteen coolies attired in scarlet. These chairs have since been rarely, if ever used. The Prime Minister and other Chinese officials are visited by riding on horseback in the city, as I did. I did not see the Emperor of China, and no foreign ambassador has since seen him. My official interviews were all with the Prime Minister, and no foreign official has ever yet had communication with any higher authority. There is only one higher in the kingdom, and that is the Emperor himself.

When Sir Frederick Bruce, my colleague in China, after a residence of four years in Pekin, resigned his position to become the representative of his country at Washington, he returned by the same road and travelled in the same way.

There is no sign of prosperity in Pekin. Everything there betokens age, decay and ruin. The nearer you approach the Capital, the more visible become the misery, want and degradation of the people. The shops are of the poorest description. The Chinese themselves have an adage, that "if the Emperor did not reside in Pekin, hogs and dogs would not go there." The superstition of the most educated surpasses that of the common people. One of the highest officials of Pekin once made formal complaint to the American Legation against one of our missionaries for having erected a chimney to his own house, which chanced to be next to the one occupied by the complainant. The smoke, he said, passed over his house and drove his good fortune away.

The private grounds of the Emperor are the only ones in Pekin which receive care and attention. They are still preserved as in the days of prosperity. In one of my visits to the Prime Minister I passed by the Gates of "Earth's Repose," through which could be seen the walls of the forbidden city and the grounds which are the favorite walks of the Emperor.

And here, with my grateful acknowledgements for the patience with which you have endured the journey from Marseilles to Pekin—within the walls of the Celestial City, and at the Gates of "Earth's Repose"—I bid you "Good Night"!